

will never be the same. The encyclopedias become richer as seas and winds are forced to fabricate their existence. The song the Sirens sang has been recorded. It is nothing special.

As I look down through parted leaves I can see the water in the fountain, leaping up, curling the feathers in its tail like a tall white bird, falling back to gather and rise again.

The fountain under my window that doesn't tell the truth wakes me each morning and lulls me to sleep at night. I see it first and last thing when I draw the curtains or part the blinds. It is with me all day and a good part of the night. A small fountain, a clever lying little fountain. O fons Bandusiae

FRYING TIME

He went into the Fish & Chip shop. England. Things had changed from what he remembered as a child. Still, there was that old reliable, fish and chips. He had waited outside the shop till it opened, and he was first in. Huge vats of boiling fat were bubbling, and in them, the wire-net baskets full of frying potatoes. But he could see no fish in the fat, and none draining through the holes in the metal shelf at the back, being kept hot. The man in charge bent down beneath the counter and pulled on what seemed to be an old carpet. He heaved the beast head first into the fat. The body trailed over the edge, but the head began to sizzle. Hairs came out of the muzzle and floated, frying to a crisp. Bubbles encased teeth and gums.

"Excuse me," he asked the man, "but do you have any fish? Cod? Plaice?"

"Fish?" said the man, cutting a flank steak. "Fish? No fish tonight, mate. Not that much around any more. It's ass tonight. Fish tomorrow, maybe. Ass and chips. Want a nice piece of ass with your chips, then?"

-- Brian Swann

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